NO PLAYS EXCHANGED

Bugbee's Popular Plays

Patsy Dugan's Christmas

— *OR* —

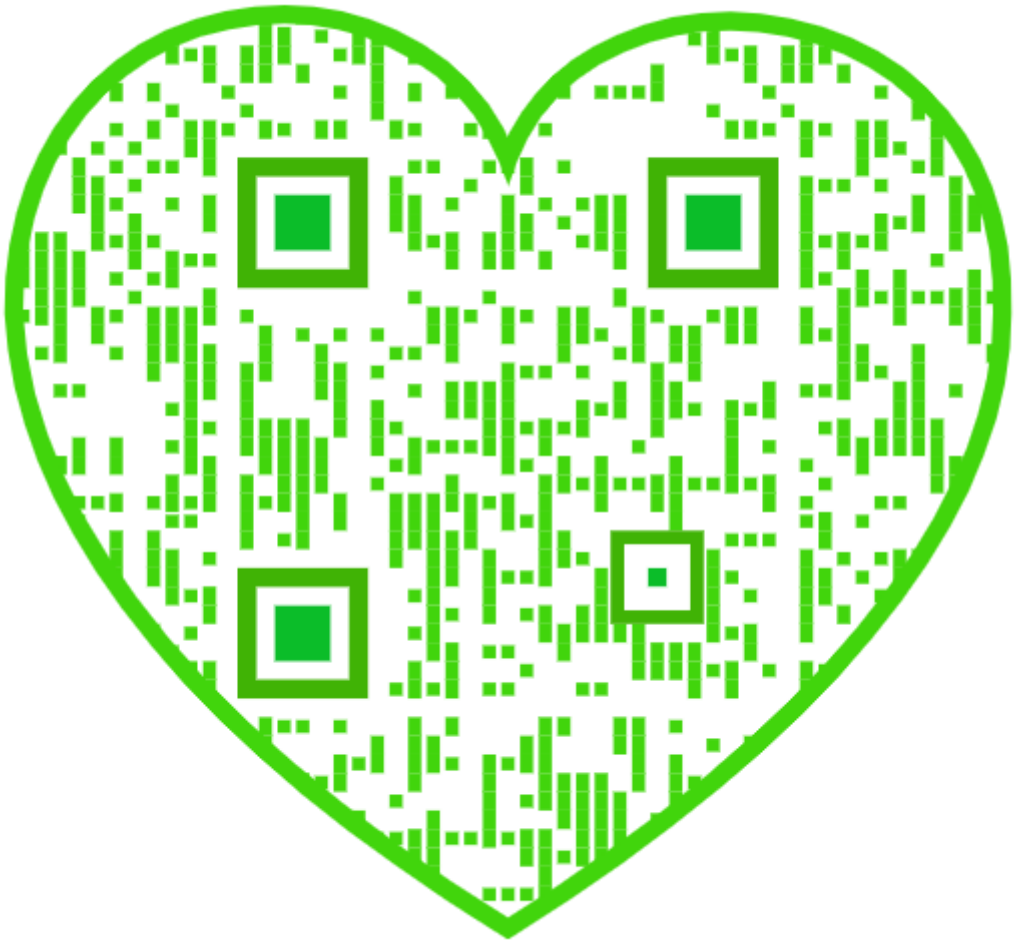
Santa From Clausville

By

Marie Irish

Price 25 Cents

The Willis N. Bugbee Co.
SYRACUSE, N. Y.



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THE WILLIS N. BUGBEE CO., SYRACUSE, N. Y.

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THE WILLIS N. BUGBEE CO.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

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Patsy Dugan's Christmas

CHARACTERS

MR. GRIM

MRS. GRIM.....*His Wife*

TOM GRIM.....*Their Long-Absent Son*

SIMON SOUR.....*Their Boarder*

JOSH HOOKER.....*Always Jolly*

MRS DUGAN.....*Poor Working Woman*

PATSY.....*Her Lame Son*

SALLIE SMILES
FANNIE FAITH
LETTIE LOVE } .....*The Three Graces*

Girl who takes part of angel.

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Patsy Dugan's Christmas

SCENE *I—Plain living room in the* GRIM *home.*

Discovered MR. *and* MRS. GRIM *and* SIMON SOUR.

MRS. GRIM. How I do love the Christmas time. It seems to me it is the best time of the year.

MR. GRIM. Yes, it's a merry time (*sighs*) but I wish we had a little more to spend. There are lots of folks I'd like to do for.

SIMON SOUR. Say, you two make me just tired. You make as much fuss over Christmas as if it amounted to something. You want to know what *I* think? I think Christmas is a sell from start to finish.

MRS. GRIM. Oh, no, no, Mr. Sour, it is *not*. Just think of all the joy and good-will and kindness that Christmas brings.

SIMON SOUR (*snarling*). Yes, joy an' kindness—with ev'rybody trying to get something out of folks. Nothing but give—give!

MR. GRIM. Well, I like to give. What's better than making folks happy?

SIMON SOUR. None of it for me! I'm not going to waste a cent on any body this year an' I'll thank folks not to give me anything.

MRS. GRIM. W'y, Simon Sour, you'd be a lot happier if you'd give some presents to some one who needs them.

SIMON SOUR. I can't bother 'bout other folks. I've got myself to do for. I know *some* folks (*looks from* GRIM *to* MRS. G.) who give more'n they can afford to. No Christmas for me, an' I mean it. (*Goes out angrily.*)

MR. GRIM (*sadly*). Well, Mary, I guess he spoke true. I guess we can't afford to give presents this year. Things are pretty hard for us an' we ought to be saving up for when we're old. Let's not spend any money on presents this Christmas.

MRS. GRIM (*slowly*). I spose that will be best. We haven't anything to spare, an' you're not very well, Henry.

MR. GRIM. I hate to do it, but let's be sensible and not buy anything for any one, not even each other. What do you say?

MRS. GRIM. Well— all right, but it'll make a gloomy Christmas for us.

MR. GRIM. Tut, tut, we're too old to feel that way. Remember now, no presents.

MRS. GRIM. All right. (*Sighs.*) I spose it's best. (*Exit* MR. G.) Anyway I'm going to get yarn an' make those slippers for Henry. He's got to have at least one present.

(*Enter* JOSH, *whistling.*)

JOSH. Good morning, Mrs. Grim. It's going to be a nice day—if it doesn't hail, or snow, or blow, or rain cats an' dogs.

MRS. GRIM (*acting surprised*). Is that so? When did you become a prophet?

JOSH. Oh, I'm practicing so's to get a paying position with the weather man. How you feeling? I'll bet you're fine if your nooralgy, or your dispepsy, or your roomytism, or your headache, or your corns aren't bothering you.

MRS. GRIM (*laughing*). Say, Josh, what's the matter with you?

JOSH. Nothing—just jolly, as usual. Yes, there *is* something the matter. I want money to buy a wheel chair.

MRS. GRIM. A wheel chair? A boy that looks as husky as you do? What you going to have happen to yourself?

JOSH. To tell the truth, it isn't for myself—it's for little Pat Dugan. You know how he's crippled and wouldn't a wheel chair make him a dandy Christmas present? Oh boy! how his eyes would shine.

MRS. GRIM. I wish he *could* have one. He ought to, I'm sure.

JOSH. Well, I'm out taking up a collection to see if we can't buy him one. Can't you give something, Mrs. Grim?

MRS. GRIM. Sure I will. (*Pauses.*) That is—well— (*aside*) I won't tell Henry I gave it. (*Gives* JOSH *some money.*) Here's fifty cents and I hope you get enough to buy the chair.

JOSH. Oh, we'll get enough if ev'rybody helps us like you do. I'm going to see if Simon Sour will give something.

MRS. GRIM. I'm afraid he won't.

JOSH. No, stingy ol' skin-flint, I spose not. He's got a lot of money but he's close as a miser. Well, I mus' go. Goodby. (*Goes off singing.*)

MRS. GRIM. I'm not playing fair to Henry but I just *had* to help buy that wheel chair for Patsy, poor little fellow. (*Looks off.*) It's so nice out I think I'll run over an' see Mis' Barnes a few minutes. (*Exit.*)

(*Enter* MR. GRIM.)

MR. GRIM. I'm glad Mary's gone; it'll give me a chance to hide the Christmas present I got her. (*Pulls package from pocket.*) I know we decided not to give any presents but I *had* to get this for 'er. Can't let Christmas go by without this much. (*Sighs.*) Wish I was rich—I'd make a lot of folks happy. I'll hide this in the other room. (*Exit.*)

(*Enter* SIMON SOUR.)

SIMON (*crossly*). Met that impudent, bold, brazen-faced, smart-Aleck of a Josh Hooker down the street and he tried to make me give half a dollar to help buy a chair for a lame boy. Half a dollar —*me*—just think of it! I told 'im where to git off an' I told him good an' plenty, the brass-mounted gazook—tryin' to make me give a *half-a-dollar*. I let 'im understand I don't believe in Christmas. It's a pack of foolishness. (*Stalks out angrily.*)

(*Enter* MR. GRIM.)

MR. GRIM. I've got that present hid where Mary won't find it. I spose she'll scold me for goin' back on our agreement but I can't help it. (*Knock is heard; he admits the girls.*) Well, well, the three Graces!

(*Enter* SALLIE, FANNIE *and* LETTIE.)

SALLIE. No, Mr. Grim, not the real three graces; they're Faith, Hope and Charity, while we're Faith, Love and Smiles. I think smiles are as good as hope though, don't you?

MR. GRIM. Yes, because if a man can't smile there's no hope for 'im.

FANNIE. You know I'm (*bows*) Fannie *Faith.*

LETTIE. And I (*bowing*) am Lettie *Love.*

SALLIE. While I (*bowing*) am Sallie *Smiles.*

MR. GRIM (*bowing low*). This is no news to me, seein' you all come over here every day or so to bother us 'bout something. I spose you've got some plan up your sleeves right this minute.

FANNIE (*laughing*). Yes, we have. We've formed a company of Faith, Love and Smiles to give Christmas cheer to a few people who need it. (*Strikes pose and recites:*)

Though I'm only young Fannie Faith
I ought to help some folks, because
I'll make them believe in Christmas,
And have Faith in Santa Claus.

LETTIE (*recites dramatically*):

We all should have Faith in Christmas,
But I'm Lettie Love, so I know
We should *love* every one at Christmas,
And that love most gen'rously show.

SALLIE (*pompously*):

Faith and love help make your Christmas
The very best day of the year,
But it takes our sunniest smiles
To develop the real Christmas cheer.

THE THREE GIRLS. And so *we* (*each points proudly to herself*) are going to make some folks have faith in Christmas by smiling upon them, showing them our love and thus making *them* smile.

MR. GRIM. Well, that's fine but (*pretends to be frightened*) maybe my wife won't want you to be lovin' me.

FANNIE (*as girls laugh*). Now don't you get scared. We're not going to love you; we want you to help love somebody else.

MR. GRIM. How's that?

LETTIE. Our company of Faith, Love and Smiles wants to give old grandpa and grandma Morrison a good Christmas dinner and a present of some warm blankets.

SALLIE. And so, you see, we're out taking up a collection and we thought you'd help us a little, Mr. Grim.

MR. GRIM. Sure, I will. I—(*stops and thinks*)—of course we —(*Aside.*) Mary will think I ought to keep my word but—I've—got to help those old folks—jest *got* to. (*To girls.*) I like the company you've started an' I reckon you'll make Granddaddy Morrison an' his wife smile right out loud an' here's fifty cents to help you. Say (*loud whisper*) don't tell anybody I gave it to you.

FANNY. You're just splendid and we thank you forty times.

MR. GRIM. Once is enough an' the three graces, Love, Faith an' Smiles are all right. (*They say goodby and go out laughing*). Mary'd think I'm an ol' turn-coat but—Christmas is Christmas. (*Exit.*)

(*Enter* MRS. GRIM.)

MRS. GRIM. I'm going to put my things on and run over town. Poor old Mis' Barnes most cried 'cause she can't afford to buy yarn to knit mittens for her little gran'son's Christmas. I'm going to buy the yarn—it won't cost much—and that can be my Christmas present to her, only I'll give it to her right away so she can knit the mittens. She'll be dreadful pleased. (*Stops and thinks.*) Oh, what'll Henry say? We decided not to give any presents. Oh, dear! Of course we *ought* to save our money, (*thinks*) but—what's the good of living if we can't give a few Christmas presents. I won't tell him 'bout it. (*Goes off with head up.*)

(*Enter* SIMON SOUR.)

SIMON SOUR. Consarn it! Plague take it! A man aint hardly safe on the street with his pocketbook. I went over next door to ask Samuel Howells if there was any news in the paper an' coming home three girls stopped me an' wanted some money to buy blankets for old Grandfather Morrison an' his wife. Wanted *half-a-dollar*! What you think of that? They must think I'm made of money. Askin' *me* for fifty cents! I guess I squelched 'em good an' plenty. Told 'em I *don't believe in Christmas,* an' don't believe in *all this givin'*, I'm going to my room an' read, so's I won't get begged for any more money. Folks act like they want to send me to the poorhouse. (*Exit.*)

CURTAIN

SCENE II: *Scene as before.*

(*Discovered* MRS. GRIM *sewing.*)

MRS. GRIM. I've got this most done. I just couldn't let Christmas go by without giving Aunt Hepsy something and the cloth for this apron didn't cost much. Henry would say I wasn't to give it but—what he don't know won't hurt 'im. Sakes alive, here come the Graces.

(*Enter* SALLIE, FANNIE *and* LETTIE.)

SALLIE. How do you do, Mrs. Grim. We hope you are feeling real Christmasy because we want you to do something.

FANNIE. Something real Christmasy, but it is going to be nice and we're sure you'll enjoy it.

LETTIE. We want you and Mr. Grim to go to a Christmas party. Will you?

SALLIE. Just the nicest kind of a Christmas party where everybody is happy because they've made some one else happy.

FANNIE. It's a party over at Mrs. Dugan's when we give Patsy his wheel chair.

LETTIE. And we want you and Mr. Grim to go.

MRS. GRIM. Of course we'll go. I wouldn't miss it for anything. May we take Mr. Simon Sour along? You know he boards here and maybe he'd enjoy seeing Patsy get the chair.

SALLIE. Oh, that old tight-fisted skin-flint? Yes, bring him along.

FANNIE. Maybe it will do him good.

LETTIE. Are you going to have company for Christmas, Mrs. Grim?

MRS. GRIM (*sadly*). No—but how I wish we were. If only our boy could be home. It's ten years since we've seen him. He's a real long ways off and he's had a lot of hard luck, so he's not been able to get back for a visit. (*Wipes eyes.*)

SALLIE. I wish he could get home. I'm sure he wants to see you as much as you want to see him.

MRS. GRIM. Well, I'll try to make somebody else happy; there's always a chance for that at Christmas.

FANNIE. Then you won't miss him so much, will you? You've got a true Christmasy heart.

LETTIE. Yes, you have. I do wish your son could be home. A visit from him would be a splendid Christmas present.

MRS. GRIM. The best in the world—for me.

SALLIE. Come, girls, we must go find Josh and see if he got the things we told him. (*They say goodby and hurry off.*)

MRS. GRIM. I better see how my pies are baking. I haven't bought much for Christmas dinner but I guess we'll get along. Money does go dreadful fast this time of year. Oh, I mustn't forget to send some candy to little Josie Brown. (*Exit.*)

CURTAIN

SCENE III: MRS. DUGAN'S *kitchen. Shabby furniture and very little of it. Kitchen table has some dishes and a few eatables.*)

Discovered, MRS. DUGAN, *working at the table.* PATSY, *in old rocker with blanket over his knees.*

MRS. DUGAN. Sure now, Patsy boy, it's a splendid Christmas that's a-comin' to us. We're goin' to have an illegant dinner an'—don't you be breathin' I told yez, but there'll be a prisint from old Santy.

PATSY (*happily*). Won't that be grand, mither?

MRS. DUGAN. Jest to think o' this nice cake I'm a makin'. Sure, it ain't got much short'nin' in it, an' it's some lackin' in sugar, but —niver you fret—it'll be good fer all that. Didn't yer father—bless 'im—used to be afther sayin' I could come the nearest to makin' a good cake out o' nothin' of any woman he ever knowed? That's what he said.

PATSY. I wonder what I'll git from Santy.

MRS. DUGAN. Oh, now, mebbe a nice toy to play with an'—mebbe a bright orange—round jist like the big world yer livin' on—mebbe a bit o' candy—an' somethin' else nice that ye'd not guess a tall a tall.

PATSY. Oh, ain't Chris'mus jist grand?

MRS. DUGAN. An' now, Patsy dear, what would yez be after wishin' for from Santy if ye could have jist what ye wanted?

PATSY. Oh, to be well an' have a horse to ride, like the boy in the pitchure on the wall.

MRS. DUGAN. W'y, darlint, yez don't know how to ride a horse; ye wouldn't even know which side of a horse to climb up on.

PATSY. Sure, I would that. I'd get up on the *outside*. Ye needn't be thinkin' I'd ride on the inside of 'im. (*Laughs.*)

MRS. DUGAN (*laughing*). Shame on ye, now to be makin' fun o' yer mither.

PATSY. Is it soon time to be hangin' up me stockin'?

MRS. DUGAN. Not quite yet; yez need a little more slape in yer eyes 'fore it's time to be slapin'. Listen! (*Steps are heard outside and voices sing, off the stage to tune of "Flow Gently Sweet Afton" —first four lines.*)

> The season's glad greetings to you now we bring,
> A carol of Christmas we joyously sing;
> From turret and steeple the pealing bells ring,
> "Be merry, be merry," this message they fling.

PATSY. Oh, the Christmas singers! Ask them to come in, mither. (MRS. D. *goes over and admits company.*)

(*Enter* MR. *and* MRS. GRIM, SIMON SOUR, *the three* GRACES *and* JOSH.)

JOSH (*merrily as they enter*). Hello, Patsy. You can't guess who's coming.

PATSY (*beaming*). W'y, all you folks, of course. Guess I sees you.

JOSH. Oh, somebody else—more important.

PATSY (*thinking*). Now, who else can be comin'?

JOSH. W'y, *Christmas,* of course.

PATSY (*clasping hands*). Oh, yes, Chris'mus! Aint that grand?

MR. GRIM. And we've come over a little ahead o' time to wish you a Merry Christmas.

THE OTHER VISITORS. A very Merry Christmas!

MRS. DUGAN. Sure, now, we're glad to see yez. I wish I had chairs so's ye could all be sated. (*She puts a chair for* MRS. GRIM, *who sits.*)

SALLIE.

> Christmas should be a time of cheer,
> And lots of merry fuss;
> So we have come to smile at you
> And make you smile at us.

JOSH. So give us your best grin or we're going home. (PATSY *laughs delightedly.*)

FANNIE.

> Don't lose your faith in Christmas day,
> The best time of the year;
> Have faith your stocking shall be filled
> When Santa doth appear.

JOSH. Maybe you'll get so much for Christmas that it won't all go in your stocking, Patsy.

LETTIE.

The Christmas ties of kindly love
Grow stronger ev'ry year;
That we may show our love for you
We now have gathered here.

JOSH. An' if you don't love us a little in return, we'll go home and never come again, *never.*

PATSY. Oh, I do love yez all, I sure do! An' I love Chris'mus. It's the grandest, best day of all. (*To* SIMON SOUR.) Don't you love it?

SIMON. Well-er-I-that is—

PATSY. Mebbe ye don't have nobody to give ye prisints.

SIMON. No, I don't.

PATSY. Oh, I'm goin' to git a nice orange an' some candy, an' I'll give yez some of it tomorrow. Can't I, mither? An' you can eat dinner wid us, 'cause we'll have cake. Can't 'e, mither?

MRS. DUGAN. Sure, he can, Patsy.

PATSY. An' I'm sure me back aint goin' to hurt so bad tomorry, 'cause it's Chris'mus.

SIMON (*aside to* JOSH). Say, did you get all the money you needed for that chair?

JOSH (*aside*). All but five dollars an' I can get *it* all right.

SIMON. Say, I'll pay that five dollars. I'll give it to you tomorrow. He's a brick, that boy is.

MRS. GRIM. Now I think we must be going. Patsy must go to bed so he can get up early to see what Santa brings him.

JOSH. Yes, but we want to tell you, Patsy, that we got Santa Claus to bring you a wheel chair—a wheel chair that you can ride around in. You can wheel yourself around the room in it. It'll be here when you get up in the morning.

MR. GRIM. Now, won't you like a wheel chair?

PATSY (*happily*). Oh, goody, goody, goody! W'y, a wheel chair will be as good for me to ride in as to have a horse to ride. Oh, mither, mither, *aint* it grand?

MRS. DUGAN (*wiping eyes*). God bliss ye all!

MRS. GRIM. Now our song. (*They all stand grouped around* PATSY *and sing the lines they sang before entering.*)

SIMON. Say, Patsy, I *do* like Christmas.

JOSH (*aside to* MRS. DUGAN). You'll find some toys and little packages outside the door to put in Patsy's stocking.

MRS. DUGAN. Oh, it's mesilf can't thank ye fer yer kindniss.

(*If possible, turn off all lights and throw a spot light on the angel.*)

(*Enter angel in white robe, etc.*)

(*At one side, at back of stage can be a box covered with dark cloth. The angel stands upon this with hands raised and out to the company.*)

ANGEL. Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me.

CURTAIN

SCENE IV: *Same as scenes I and II.*

(TOM GRIM, *dressed as Santa Claus with a mask, sits at one side of room where he will not be noticed at first. On the floor beside him are a number of packages.*)

(*Enter* MR. *and* MRS. GRIM, SIMON SOUR, JOSH, *and* GRACES.)

MRS. GRIM. Now come in and stay a few minutes with us. Christmas eve is lonely for us without our boy.

SALLIE. I do wish he could be home tomorrow. Oh— (*screams*) —w'y!

JOSH. Gee! Old Santa Claus himself. (*All gaze in surprise.*)

TOM GRIM (*coming forward, speaking with gruff voice*). Yes, I'm Santa. Maybe you've heard of me.

JOSH. I'll say we have, Santa.

TOM. Well, I'm old Santa himself. I live up North at a little town called Clausville. I stopped in here because I want you young folks to do something for me.

JOSH. Sure we will. What's the errand?

TOM. I want you to pile these bundles (*points to packages*) up on the table ready for Mr. and Mrs. Grim to open in the morning. It's their Christmas present from Santa who lives at Clausville. (*The girls and* JOSH *start to get bundles.*)

MR. GRIM. Say, what does this mean?

MRS. GRIM. Oh, Tom, Tom, you can't fool your mother! (*She runs to him and pulls off mask.*) Oh, Tom, my boy! (*Bows her head on his shoulder.*)

MR. GRIM. Tom, you scamp, you! (*Shakes* TOM'S *hand as if he'll never never stop.*)

TOM (*patting mother's shoulder*). Well, well, mother, are you glad to see Santa, from Clausville.

MRS. GRIM. I'm more glad to see my Tom.

SALLIE. Now you'll surely have a Merry Christmas.

SIMON SOUR (*happily*). Christmas *is* a fine day. (*They stand in a group,* TOM *with his arm around his mother, and sing again the lines they sang in Scene III.*)

CURTAIN

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We've Got the Mumps. A novelty costume song for children supposed to be afflicted with the mumps. 35 cents.

The Old Home Folks. A song for adults, or older boys and girls, to be used on any program. 35 cents.

Our Latch String Hangs Outside. A dandy new welcome song that will start your entertainment right. Sheet music. 35 cents.

Just Smile and Say Good-Bye. A capital song to send your audience home feeling good natured. Bright and catchy. 35 cents.

De Coonville Jubilee. The 'Ristocrats of Coonville hold a jubilee and "Dey don't get home till the break ob day." Sheet music. 35 cents.

THE WILLIS N. BUGBEE CO., SYRACUSE, N. Y.